

DROPPED BY MAGIC RUG "SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE"

Gouverneur Morris Finds Himself in Trenches Where Abound Prehistoric Flints and Gallo-Roman Remains.

VISITOR IN "VERY SICK CITY"

Once Thriving Community Where Now Only Death and Distress Abound and Giant Shells Go Hurting Through Sky.

BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS.

No less famous a person than Mrs. Wharton has said that a Boyau—a Boyau. But my publishers think I had better call it a communication trench.

One day I went for a fine walk in a communication trench and in the first-line trenches with which it communicated.

The Magic Rug dropped me for a moment somewhere along a secret road that I might talk with a two-star general, whose pockets were full of prehistoric flints and Gallo-Roman remains. All of them he had found in the different layers of civilization exposed in the diggings. He regretted having no stone cannon balls with him. These also had been found.

"But I really came to see the cathedral," I said. "They told me at headquarters that it is better than anything I don't see more beautiful, but a better example of what deliberate cannon fire can do to a cathedral, and it hasn't flared much in the newspapers. And it did have some thirteenth-century glass that St. Louis's mother gave to celebrate her son's being knighted."

WITHIN TWELVE YARDS OF GERMAN TRENCH

"There is still some of the thirteenth-century glass," said the two-star general. "The cure has it in a clear box."

He began to put his specimens back in his pockets.

"You can see the cathedral any time," he said, "but the trenches are up to your ears. Better make sure of them. You can go within twelve yards of the Germans if you like."

"And after?"

"If you are in command of the city to which I am going, and of the ten miles of trenches which protect what is left of it, and he told me this colonel had served in Indo-China, and possessed many pounds of the best tea in the world."

IN EXCHANGE for this good advice, I gave him the compass I had picked up down the lines, and we parted forever. I dare say.

"I'll see you again," said he, "any day."

"I'll see you again, my general, good luck."

STREETS DEEP WITH SAND THAT FOE MAY NOT HEAR

And presently the Magic Rug had taken me up in the quiet, golden sunshine, and the heavy autumn flowers, and shady woods dashed by and I was set down in the midst of a very sick city.

Some of the streets were sanded three inches deep, so that when in the night troops and cannons come out of hiding or up from the rear and move about, the people who made the city sick cannot hear them. Almost all the doors were shut, and almost all the windows were shuttered.

Here and there a house had sunk to the ground in a sort of sobbing heap of broken floors, chimneys and twisted iron bedsteads. Other houses had their roofs directedly pitted, as if with snailshells.

The inhabitants of the sick city, fearing the contagion, had departed. The streets were empty in every direction as far as you could see. Only once in a great while you had the feeling that eyes were watching you, and then you might discover some heroic old woman knitting in a dark alleyway.

It makes you think of one of the Pates, and you are glad that she is not knitting against you and your people. Blow down the house opposite, she will only hit her eyes and go on knitting.

UNDER FIRE IN THE SICK CITY

It was fearfully still in the sick city. So quiet that when a far-off cannon was suddenly fired I was so surprised that I did not know whether it was one of ours, or one of theirs. And when the windows of the ground again the sound echoed all over the sick city.

Then high overhead the shell from that cannon passed rather slowly for a shell with plumes unharmed rushing, cleaving, coming straight at you, a thick bar of sound that upon touching mother earth far in the rear ceased with a sudden explosion. So a long phrase of threat and defiance ends with an exclamation point.

AN ARCADE OF TOWER I, and stood still waiting for the answer. It came presently from somewhere near where the German shell had burst. Like that one, it passed high overhead, tranquil, then it came and splashed, and burst far off somewhere in the German lines.

Three other "departures" followed this one in rapid succession, and then one more there was silence in the sick city. I said to myself, "I have been here for a long time, but I have not been under fire, especially when I'm a long way under it, like now."

BUT ONE TOWER LEFT ON THE CATHEDRAL

I was always asking myself whether I was under fire or not. The moment I heard a German cannon the question rose intuitively in my mind. "Now then, Dumpty, do you like it or don't you?" And the answer was never twice the same.

Sometimes being shelled actually seemed to heighten the pleasure of being alive, at other times your stomach seemed to sink and your legs feel wobbly, and if there was nobody looking to see you go away somewhere.

Being on my way to the house of the Colonel in command, I had only a tail of an eye for the cathedral. One tower looked like the broken stump of a very sore tooth. The other still dominated the city, but I still felt as if it were far from the place to stand on I could have pushed it over with the palm of my hand.

I saw also that clean through the hole like a city gate, and that of all the sick houses in the sick city the one nearest the cathedral was the sickest.

TO THE CHAPEL

WITHIN A CHAPEL

The back windows of my colonel's darkened drawing-room looked out upon a fine private park with a noble upstanding ruin of a church at the end. We sat in cool chintz-covered chairs and gossiped pleasantly about Paris and America, and about what I had seen on the front of the front line.

My colonel was a tall man with a fine round head, and a pair of eyes that you knew very well had never looked willingly on anything wrong or unpleasant. And because he commanded ten miles of critical front, I knew he was a good soldier, and that

Daughters of Late President Cleveland



The Misses Marion and Esther Cleveland (left to right), daughters of Mrs. Thomas J. Preston, Jr., and the late President Grover Cleveland, were bridesmaids last Tuesday at the wedding, in Princeton, N. J., of Miss Elizabeth Grier Hibben and Robert Maxwell Scoon. The bride is a daughter of John Grier Hibben, president of Princeton University, and Mrs. Hibben.

very soon he must be either dead, or a general.

A deputy, who is also a captain and has upon his breast medals for gallantry in action, said something about a chapel within a chapel, and further we were all presently drifting through the sick city in the soft golden sunshine.

DESERTED HOUSE OF A FUGITIVE CITIZEN

No sooner had I wished to see in what condition a panic-stricken citizen leaves his town house, than we seemed to be opposite just such a house. A lovely example of the late renaissance, and went in.

But it was disappointing. He had done what every householder does when he goes away for the summer holidays. Instead of leaving the clock on the mantelpiece, and the bronze candelabra, he had put them on the lap of a chair, and about this chair he had huddled all the other chairs and sofas that belonged in a given room.

Instead of hanging on the walls, the pictures had been taken down, and leaned against the huddled chairs. Indeed, each room looked as if the furniture had been telling ghost stories and was badly frightened.

One large reception room was very dark. The better to see the painting, I was for raising the shade of one of the windows. Indeed, I had taken hold of the cord with that purpose in view, when my colonel remarked loudly:

"If you raise that shade, you'll probably be shot."

Then the cord of which I had hold actually stung my thumb and forefinger, as bees sting, and I had to let go.

SOLDIERS IN THE CHYPT OF A ROMAN RELIC

We left that house and went on to an ugly little chapel, within which, or rather behind which, the German had discovered a portion of a forgotten and very beautiful little chapel.

From the floor of this flat tombstone had been pried, and we descended a steep, dark, and pitch darkness, that lightened presently and became a massive arched ceiling which the Ancient Romans had made, and from which a few steps upward and a dwarf door gave access to a smoke-blackened kitchen, a pure gem of those dark ages when treaties were written on tough parchment instead of easily torn paper.

And we were in a sunny backyard, across which on a diagonal a deep trench had been dug as if for the laying of a sewer. The perpendicular sides were higher than my head, and my shoulders sometimes brushed those sides when I walked squarely.

The temperature was as that of the hot room in a Turkish bath, and a horrid, a beast of which I am now in deadly fear, elected to accompany us. He made a noise like a bullet, so that for a quarter of a mile I felt myself under rifle fire.

Then just where the communication trench wriggles through the public park in the lee of the handstand, I got him between by gloved hand and a piece of green flint and thereafter sweated in peace.

Severed roots of elm trees had put our suckers, and here the communication trench, or boyau as Mrs. Wharton will call it, was lined with green; I picked a scarlet poppy, too, to wither in my button hole.

A communication trench is the high-way by which troops and munitions

ground, where they can sleep, or play cards, or swap yarns, and keep their nervous system in order.

From the scattered watchers in the first line trench word comes that the Germans are attacking. Then the word comes out of the communication trench and get into that trench as quickly as they can, fresh, confident and unshaken by shell fire.

FIRE OPENS AS FOE REACHES ENTANGLEMENTS

They arrive in time to find that the Germans are just beginning to cut through the barbed wire entanglements. And then the French begin to shoot and throw things—in cans of dynamite and all sorts of death-dealing crackers. Some man the machine guns and play streams of nickel-jacketed lead on the German masses entangled in the barbed wire.

And presently word goes to Paris that the Germans made an attack on such and such a trench and were other "buried back" or "easily repulsed." These terms are not accurate. It would be better to say that the attack "melted away." For that is what seems to happen. Or you might, with equal accuracy, say that the attack "bubbled away."

In the early days of the war, first line trenches had many men in them. And these men, for many hours preceding an attack, had to stand a tremendous shelling, which, if it killed and wounded many of them, shattered nervous systems and hurt the general morale to such an extent that when the attack was finally delivered it stood an excellent chance of success.

CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL IS FOR PREPAREDNESS

If His Views Interfere With Being Socialist, Declares He Will Get Out of Party.

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]

PHILADELPHIA, November 28.—Charles Edward Russell, author and Socialist, declared for preparedness in an address to-day before the Socialist Literary Society in the Broad Street Theater.

In answer to the question from the audience if he did not think his plea for preparedness disqualified him as a member of the Socialist party, he snapped back:

"If my convictions as to preparedness interfere with my being a Socialist, which I believe they do not, then I will get out of the Socialist party."

"If Germany wins, good-night to socialism, and every progressive cause. The world will be turned into an armed camp."

"No one has written more or talked more against armament and munition trusts than I have. Now, I don't care who makes armament, the time has passed for hair-splitting."

"We are rising the most powerful and overhauling engine this world has ever seen. The world has already been ruled by one great empire, and I read the signs of the times correctly, the English empire has come to an end. Now arises the German empire. All Europe will be dominated by this new empire."

"This will mean that Germany will control Canada. Then there will be a continuous friction between the United States, which will ultimately result in war."

DEATHS IN VIRGINIA

Eugene Henshaw, eighty-two years old, died last night at 9:15 o'clock at his home, in Chesterfield County. He had been ill for about one month. Death was due to old age.

Mr. Henshaw, who was twice married, leaves three children, fifty-six grandchildren and thirty-nine great-grandchildren.

His children by the first marriage are as follows: Mrs. Marie L. Martin, Martin, Mrs. Georgeanna Strless and John Henshaw. Those from the second marriage follow: George E. Henshaw, Charles E. Henshaw, Eugene Henshaw, Mrs. Cora L. Sneed, of Richmond; Mrs. Naomi Sneed, of Richmond; Miss Ida J. Henshaw and Miss Mollie G. Henshaw.

The funeral will take place tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock. Interment will be in the family grave-yard at Ochre, Chesterfield.

Mrs. Jane E. Henning.

The funeral services of Mrs. Jane E. Henning, who died on Friday afternoon at 5 o'clock, will be held this morning at 11 o'clock at her late residence, 637 North Eighth Street.

Mrs. Henning had been in failing health for some months, but was not expected to die until this morning, when she suffered a paralytic stroke which proved fatal.

Mrs. Henning's life was a long story of faithful devotion to duty, of self-sacrifice and cheerfulness, and of helpfulness to others. She had an attractive personality and a bright mentality, and was beloved of old and young alike. Faithful and passionate devoted to her family, she was the central figure in the life of her circle, and no sacrifice was too great to be made for her loved ones' happiness or welfare.

She is survived by two daughters, a son—Miss Julia R. Henning, Mrs. Grace Henning, Smethdale, William S. Henning. Interment will be in Hollywood Cemetery.

Alexander Tedford Barclay.

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]

LEXINGTON, Va., November 28.—Alexander Tedford Barclay died yesterday, in Lexington, after a lingering illness, aged seventy-two years. He enlisted in the Civil War as a member of Liberty Hall Volunteers, composed of students of Washington College, Company I, Fourth Virginia Infantry, Stonewall Brigade. For years he was a trustee of Washington and Lee University. He was president of the Lexington Manufacturing Co., president of the Buena Vista Development Co., and was otherwise identified with the industrial development of Rockbridge County. He was formerly editor of the Lexington Gazette, and an elder in the Presbyterian Church. He is survived by his widow, who is a daughter of the late David E. Moore, and five children, three sons and two daughters. The funeral will be held to-morrow morning at 11 o'clock.

Mrs. Lewis Dudley.

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]

CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va., November 28.—Mrs. Lewis Dudley, of November 28, received a telegram to-day, announcing the death in St. Louis, Mo., of her son—Miss Julia R. Henning.

COOK—Died, Sunday, at 11:30 P. M., MARGARET A. COOK at the residence of Mrs. A. L. McMullin, 603 1-2 West Cary.

Funeral notice later.

HENSHAW—Died, on November 28, at a son—Miss Julia R. Henning, of the eighty-third year of his age. He enlisted in the Civil War as a member of Liberty Hall Volunteers, composed of students of Washington College, Company I, Fourth Virginia Infantry, Stonewall Brigade. For years he was a trustee of Washington and Lee University. He was president of the Lexington Manufacturing Co., president of the Buena Vista Development Co., and was otherwise identified with the industrial development of Rockbridge County. He was formerly editor of the Lexington Gazette, and an elder in the Presbyterian Church. He is survived by his widow, who is a daughter of the late David E. Moore, and five children, three sons and two daughters. The funeral will be held to-morrow morning at 11 o'clock.

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To-Day and To-Night in Richmond

Council Committee on Streets, City Hall, 5 o'clock.

Academy—Elks' Musical Show, 8:30.

Strand—Gracie Scott Company, in "The Seven Sisters," 8:30.

Hijou—Truitt motion pictures; matinee, 2:30; night, 8.

Lyric—Popular vaudeville and pictures; matinee, 2:30; night, 7:30 and 9.

Paramount pictures; continuous performance.

Colonial—Motion pictures; continuous performance.

Isis—Motion pictures; continuous performance.

Victory—Motion pictures; continuous performance.

THE WEATHER

Forecast: Virginia

RAIN

Monday: Fair and colder.

Tuesday: Fair and colder.

North Carolina: Fair west, rain east portion Monday.

Tuesday: fair and colder.

Local Temperature Yesterday.

12 noon temperature..... 57

3 P. M. temperature..... 58

Maximum temperature to 8 P. M. 59

Minimum temperature to 8 P. M. 35

Normal temperature..... 45

Excess in temperature..... 2

Deficiency in temperature since March 1..... 212

Accumulated deficiency since January 1..... 63

Local Rainfall.

Rainfall last twenty-four hours. None

Deficiency in rainfall since March 1..... 7.14

Excess in rainfall since January 1..... 3.93

Local Barometer Readings.

8 A. M. 30.17

8 P. M. 29.90

Local Observation at 8 P. M. Yesterday.

Temperature, 59; humidity, 88; wind, direct, southeast; wind velocity, 14 miles; weather, clear.

General Weather Conditions.

WASHINGTON, November 28.—Snow is indicated for the Upper Lake region, and rain, turning into snow, in the Lower Lake region, Monday. Elsewhere fair weather is probable.

CONDITIONS IN IMPORTANT CITIES.

Place Ther. H. T. L. T. Weather.

Asheville..... 48 56 36 Rain

Atlanta..... 48 56 36 Rain

Atlantic City..... 50 58 40 Clear

Boston..... 44 56 40 Clear

Buffalo..... 50 58 40 Cloudy

Chicago..... 42 56 40 Cloudy

Charlotte..... 42 56 40 Cloudy

Denver..... 50 58 40 Clear

Duluth..... 42 56 40 Clear

Galveston..... 50 58 40 Clear

Hatteras..... 50 58 40 Clear

Havre..... 44 56 40 Clear

Jacksonville..... 50 58 40 Clear

Kansas City..... 48 56 40 Clear

Louisville..... 48 56 40 Clear

Montgomery..... 44 56 40 Cloudy

New Orleans..... 60 74 52 Clear

New York..... 42 56 40 Cloudy

Norfolk..... 42 56 40 Clear

Oklahoma..... 38 48 40 Clear

Pittsburgh..... 50 58 40 Cloudy

Raleigh..... 50 58 40 Cloudy

St. Louis..... 50 58 40 Cloudy

San Francisco..... 50 58 40 Cloudy

Savannah..... 42 56 40 Clear

Tampa..... 48 56 40 Clear

Washington..... 48 56 40 Clear

Winnipeg..... 44 56 40 Cloudy

MINIATURE ALMANAC.

November 29, 1915.

Sun rises..... 7:05 Morning..... 10:00

Sun sets..... 4:51 Evening..... 10:45

of her sister, Miss Margaret Rutson Ludlow, Miss Ludlow was principal of one of the large public schools in St. Louis, a position she had held for thirty years. Three sisters and two brothers survive—Mrs. Lewis Dudley, of this city; Mrs. S. Stout and Miss Josephine Ludlow, of St. Louis; Francis Maury Ludlow, of St. Louis, and Rutson Maury Ludlow, of New York City.

Mrs. Ella C. Morris.

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]

CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va., November 28.—The funeral of Mrs. Ella C. Morris, who died yesterday after ten days' illness of pneumonia, was held at 1 o'clock this afternoon from Beaver Dam church, Fluvanna County. She is survived by her husband, R. J. Morris, and five children—Mrs. W. T. Elliott, Mrs. A. D. Glass, Mrs. L. M. Morris and O. W. Morris, all of this city, and D. O. Morris, of Philadelphia.

Ernest Semmelrock.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va., November 28.—Ernest Semmelrock, a young farmer, died suddenly last evening at his home on a half-mile south of the city limits. He is survived by his wife and six children.

Mrs. Lawrence T. Sanford.

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]

ORANGE, Va., November 28.—The funeral of Mrs. Lawrence T. Sanford was held this morning at 10 o'clock at Woodley, the home of her son, W. W. Sanford, Rev. J. W. Hildeboe officiated. Mrs. Sanford was in her ninety-second year. She is survived by one son, W. W. Sanford, of Orange, and two daughters, Mrs. J. W. Rowe, of Unionville, and Mrs. Emanuel, of South Carolina. The interment was in the family burial ground at Everona.

James P. Tucker.

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]

LYNCHBURG, Va., November 28.—James P. Tucker, aged fifty-eight years, a native of Nottingham County, who lived in Richmond several years until he came here a year ago, died at his home to-day. He is survived by three children, Robert and Polk and Miss Elizabeth Tucker. He was a member of the Third Presbyterian Church, of Richmond. The body will be taken to the burying grounds of the family, in Nottingham, for burial.

Mrs. Frank B. Wyatt.

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]

LYNCHBURG, Va., November 28.—News has been received here of the death of Mrs. Frank B. Wyatt, former resident of Lynchburg, which occurred on Tuesday at her home in Henrietta, Texas. Her husband and one son survive her.

Mrs. John C. Williams.

Mrs. Albert Williams, widow of John C. Williams, died yesterday. The funeral will take place this afternoon at 3 o'clock from the residence of her daughter, Mrs. H. R. Pollard, Jr., of 1648 West Grace Street. Interment will be private.

Thomas N. Rowe.

Thomas N. Rowe, seventy-three years old, died yesterday morning at 1 o'clock, at his home, Stop No. 21, Seven Pines line. Besides his wife, he leaves two daughters, Mrs. Bernard A. Duke and Mrs. George H. Duke, one son, George W. Rowe, of St. Louis, Mo.; nine grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. The funeral will take place at 10 o'clock to-morrow morning from St. Patrick's Catholic Church.

MAN, RECENTLY TRIED FOR MURDER, FOUND DEAD TO U. S. IN EVENT OF WAR

Evidences Point to Lynching of John Henry Willey, Alleged Slayer of Grandmother.

WAS AT LIBERTY ON \$5,000 BAIL

His Lawyer Confident He Did Not Commit Suicide—Recently Had Received Several Letters Threatening Violence.

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]

GHESBORG, O., November 28.—Bearing every evidence of having been lynched, the body of John Henry Willey was found hanging from a tree to-day, only a short distance from where he is accused of having slain his aged grandmother, Mrs. Eva Kimbaker, and seriously beaten his grandfather, on February 12 last. He was tried on a charge of second degree murder and the jury returned a verdict of assault and battery. Petition for a new trial was granted. The body had been found, and he was at liberty on \$5,000 bail.

Dangling from Willey's left wrist was a heavy leather strap, which might have been used in binding his hands. His right wrist was badly swollen and discolored, as if in his death agony he had wrenched it free. All around the tree the ground was trampled. Scores of footprints were plainly imprinted in the soft soil. Willey's clothing was torn to shreds. A neighboring farmer found the body early to-day and notified the authorities.

The lynching tree is only a short distance from the highway, and it is believed that Willey was on his way to the home of his father-in-law, Henry Saams, when he was attacked, or suddenly determined to end his own life.

LAWYER CERTAIN HE DID NOT COMMIT SUICIDE

Willey's attorney, B. F. James, said to-night:

"I am certain he did not commit suicide. He was in my office yesterday and we discussed the coming trial in the assault and battery charge. He was in high spirits, declaring he expected an acquittal. He was elated over being at liberty under bond."

Attorney James said that recently Willey had received several letters threatening violence. One is as follows:

"Mr. Willey: I will take pleasure in informing you that a lynching tree will be pulled off one of these evenings at Henry Saams' and without a doubt the mob will make a clean sweep while they are at it. Yours, FROM THIRTY GOOD NEIGHBORS."

The letter was dated Ghiesborg, and was addressed to Saams.

News of the finding of Willey's body spread rapidly, and a delegation assembled beneath the death tree. The sheriff, however, made no headway in his investigation, and Coroner Stiller, of Haysville, said he could not return a verdict until Tuesday.

HEAD AUTOPSY PASSED, THEN SEVERAL SHOTS FIRED

But one source of information was found. This was Samuel Hiser, a neighbor of the Saamses. He said that early this morning he heard several automobiles pass his house, and a short time later several shots were fired. He looked from a window, but the machines had disappeared.

Willey was twenty-six years old, and the trial was one of the most sensational ever held in this section. Mrs. Kimbaker, who was seventy-one, was found murdered in her home near here and her husband was found unconscious in the barn.

Hundreds Sent in Names to Be Added to Register Kept by Navy League.

ALL SORTS OF OFFERS MADE

People in All Walks of Life, Skilled and Unskilled, Rush to Proffer Their Money and Time at Disposal of Country in Case of Emergency.

WASHINGTON, November 28.—Miss Frances Whitaker Baker, daughter of Representative J. Thompson Baker, of New Jersey, was the first to inscribe her name on the National Service Register, which has been opened by the woman's section of the Navy League, which is a licensed chauffeur, volunteered in that capacity in the event of war. Her two sisters, Miss Katharine Baker and Miss Mary Baker, followed her example.

Hundreds of names have been sent in to the register. Women in all walks of life, skilled and unskilled in all occupations, have thronged to place their services at the disposal of the country should an emergency arise. Offers of automobiles, homes for hospitals and nursing quarters, motor cars, horses, nurses, doctors, and cooks have come from women, while a number of young men and boys have signed the register, promising to serve their country in "any way possible" when called upon.

The woman's section of the Navy League expects to organize and register a vast array of volunteer workers who would be willing to serve in case of emergency.

Among the distinguished women added to the membership rolls of the woman's section of the Navy League last week were the following:

Mrs. Landley M. Garrison, wife of the Secretary of War; Mrs. Alice Pomeroy, wife of the Senator from Ohio, and president of the Congressional Club; Mrs. Ollie James, Mrs. George Sutherland, Mrs. R. R. Hitt, Mrs. Katharine Elkins Hitt, Mrs. Robert M. Thompson, Mrs. Edward M. Jones, Sr., and Mrs. Mary T. Key Mehair, granddaughter of Francis Scott Key; Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell, Mrs. Thomas A. Edison, Mrs. Simon Newcomb, Mrs. Hudson Maxim, Mrs. Henry Cleveland Perkins, Mrs. Henry Wise Wood, New York; Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, Mrs. D. C. Sands, Middleburg, Va.; Miss Edith Benham, Mrs. McKim, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. Randolph H. McKim, Mrs. Irving Bacheller, Mrs. Augusta Stine Gaudens, Mrs. Maxwell Parrish, Miss Virginia Castleman, Mrs. Randolph Kaufman, and Mrs. Edward T. Stotestrey, of Philadelphia.

SITUATION OF ALLIES IN BALKANS DESPERATE

BERLIN, November 28 (by wireless to Sayville).—The Overseas News Agency says:

"The entente allies' situation in the Balkans is desperate. French losses on the Vardoluk line are estimated at 20,000 dead, while retreat is extremely difficult."

"If the occupation of Monastir by the Bulgarians becomes necessary, the Bulgarian government will give a definite promise to Greece that the occupation will be only temporary, and that it is caused only by the stringent military necessity."



One Smashing Blow

Some folks go on for years wondering why they have headaches, nervousness, heart flutter, biliousness and various other ailments. But they never suspect a most common cause—coffee drinking.

Coffee contains caffeine, a powerful habit-forming drug. The little doses repeated daily irritate the nerves, unsteady the heart, hinder digestion and work havoc generally with many coffee users.

The simple, easy way to smash coffee troubles at one blow is to quit the coffee and use

POSTUM

—the pure food-drink.

There's "nothing missed" with the change, and thousands have found it means a big step toward health and comfort.

Postum is made of wheat and a bit of wholesome molasses—has a rich flavour, much like mild Java coffee, yet contains no drug or other harmful element.

Postum comes in two forms: The original Postum Cereal requires boiling; Instant Postum is soluble—a level teaspoonful in a cup of boiling water makes a delicious drink—Instantly. Both kinds are equally delicious, and the cost per cup is about the same.

Ten days off coffee and on Postum will show

"There's a Reason"

—sold by Grocers everywhere.

Send 2c stamp for 5-cup sample.

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.